

12 Days of Yuletide

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Category: How to Train Your Dragon

Genre: Humor

Language: English

Characters: Ruffnut, Tuffnut

Status: Completed

Published: 2012-12-18 15:22:24

Updated: 2012-12-18 15:22:24

Packaged: 2016-04-26 14:13:07

Rating: K+

Chapters: 1

Words: 1,377

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: Ruffnut and Tuffnut wreak havoc on an old Christmas carol and everyone within earshot...

12 Days of Yuletide

A/N: Instead of Snoggletog, the holiday is called Yuletide. Believe it or not, that was the original name for Viking Christmas, the first day is this Friday and the celebration lasts twelve days. And don't worry about all that 2012 crap, it's a load of BS. On a positive note, I can't wait for Yuletide! (It's the Viking blood from my mom's side of the family, lol). Ok, I'm gonna shut up now and hope you folks like my attempt at a HTTYD holiday story.

Flames will be ignored!

Disclaimer: I don't own HTTYD or any of the characters, DreamWorks does.

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It was the first day of Yuletide and everyone in the Great Hall sat in silence. At least, until the twins Ruffnut and Tuffnut showed up.

"It's too quiet in here," Ruffnut complained. "You'd think with it being Yuletide, everybody'd be in a really good mood. That everybody'd be loud and crazy!"

"I know how we can fix that," Tuffnut said with a mischievous grin that was soon mimicked by his sister.

"Oh no," Hiccup groaned. "Are you guys gonna-?"

"Yes, we are," Ruffnut smirked.

"I know they're not gonna-" Astrid started, but Tuffnut cut her off.

"Oh yes we are," he told her.

"Guys, come on," Fishlegs whined. "It's Yuletide; don't you guys ever take a day off?"

"No!" both twins replied.

"Ready, Ruffnut?" Tuffnut asked.

Ruffnut nodded.

Everyone sighed as the twins began this year's holiday song. The twins had written one for Yuletide every year for the past twelve years (Irony, no?) And as always, Ruffnut began.

Ruffnut: "On the first day of Yuletide, Thor and Odin gave to me, a Valkyrie on a winged steed."

"No more!" Snotlout yelled, wincing.

"That's only the first verse," Ruffnut said.

"We've not even got to the good part," Tuffnut insisted.

"There never was a good part to begin with," Spitelout, Snotlout's father, sighed.

Tuffnut ignored the comment and began the second verse.

Tuffnut: "On the second day of Yuletide, Thor and Odin gave to me, two full-grown yaks, and a Valkyrie on a winged steed."

"Okay, guys!" Hiccup called out. "Enough."

Ruffnut and Tuffnut smirked at one another and began the third verse of the song together.

Both: "On the third day of Yuletide, Thor and Odin gave to me, three fur pelts, two full-grown yaks, and a Valkyrie on a winged steed."

No one else bothered interrupting for the time being. They all knew that the troublesome two would just continue anyway, and they did.

"On the fourth day of Yuletide, Thor and Odin gave to me," the disastroud duo warbled. "Four dragons roaring, three fur pelts, two full-grown yaks, and a Valkyrie on a winged steed."

Snotlout had now taken off his helmet and was banging his head against it, trying to knock himself unconscious. But he failed miserably.

"On the fifth day of Yuletide, Thor and Odin gave to me, fiiiiiiiive mugs of aaaaaaale, four dragons roaring, three fur pelts, two full-grown yaks, and a Valkyrie on a winged steed."

"I wish I had a winged steed right now," Astrid grumbled. "Actually, I wish Stormfly was still here."

"Look on the bright side," Hiccup said. "She'll come back with her babies in another day or two."

"Yeah," Fishlegs piped up. "Besides, they have to stop singing eventually."

"On the sixth day of Yuletide, Thor and Odin gave to me," Ruffnut and Tuffnut went on. "Six baby sheep, fiiiiiive mugs of aaaaaaale, four dragons roaring, three fur pelts, two full-grown yaks, and a Valkyrie on a winged steed."

"This is causing me pain!" someone exclaimed. "And not the good kind either!"

"On the seventh day of Yuletide, Thor and Odin gave to me," Ruffnut and Tuffnut 'sang'. "Seven roasted boars, six baby sheep, fiiiiiive mugs of aaaaaaale, four dragons roaring, three fur pelts, two full-grown yaks, and a Valkyrie on a winged steed."

"Only five verses left," Gobber sighed in what was almost relief. Almost.

"On the eighth day of Yuletide, Thor and Odin gave to me," eight Valkyries singing, seven roasted boars, six baby sheep, fiiiiiive mugs of aaaaaaale, four dragons roaring, three fur pelts, two full-grown yaks, and a Valkyrie on a winged steed."

Toothless whimpered and covered his head with his wings in an attempt to block out the twins' horrible singing.

"It's okay, Bud," Hiccup said, patting his dragon's head. "They'll stop soon. Only four verses left. Four...incredibly. Long. Painful. Verses."

Hiccup groaned and slunk to the floor.

"On the ninth day of Yuletide, Thor and Odin gave to me," the twins continued. "Nine casks of mead, eight barmaids singing, seven roasted boars, six baby sheep, fiiiiiive mugs of aaaaaaale, four dragons roaring, three fur pelts, two full-grown yaks, and a Valkyrie on a winged steed."

"Enough already!" Stoick roared.

Ruffnut and Tuffnut merely smirked and continued their song, determined to finish. Even if it killed everyone else.

"On the tenth day of Yuletide, Thor and Odin gave to me, ten Gobbers whining--"

"We've got one and that's more than enough!" Mildew yelled.

"Like you got room to talk, Mildew!" Gobber snapped, waving his hooked hand in anger.

"On the tenth day of Yuletide, Thor and Odin gave to me, ten Gobbers whining," Ruffnut and Tuffnut restarted. "Nine casks of mead, eight

barmaids singing, seven roasted boars, six baby sheep, fiiiiiiiive mugs of aaaaaaaale, four dragons roaring, three fur pelts, two full-grown yaks, and a Valkyrie on a winged steed."

Suddenly, there was a loud cry, followed by a loud thud.

"Congratulations," Mulch said to the twins. "You made Bucket faint."

"On the eleventh day of Yuletide, Thor and Odin gave to me," the twins ignored Mulch. "Eleven swords of steel, ten Gobbers whining, nine casks of mead, eight barmaids singing, seven roasted boars, six baby sheep, fiiiiiiiive mugs of aaaaaaaale, four dragons roaring, three fur pelts, two full-grown yaks, and a Valkyrie on a winged steed."

"Thor take me now," Snotlout moaned as he slunk to the floor beside Hiccup.

"On the twelfth day of Yuletide, Thor and Odin gave to me," the twins screeched. "Twelve Mildews griping-"

"I do NOT gripe!" Mildew protested.

"That's debatable!" Ruffnut retorted.

A collective murmur of agreement echoed throughout the Hall.

"Hey! Shut up and let us finish!" Tuffnut growled, but then he smirked. "Unless you want us to start all over again."

"NOOOO!" everyone screamed.

"On the twelfth day of Yuletide, Thor and Odin gave to me," the twins began again. "Twelve Mildews griping, eleven swords of steel, ten Gobbers whining, nine casks of mead, eight barmaids singing, seven roasted boars, six baby sheep, fiiiiiiiive mugs of aaaaaaaale, four dragons roaring, three fur pelts, two full-grown yaks, and a Valkyrie on a winged steed."

Gothi shook her head in disdain as the twins grinned evilly, jumped on a table, clasped each other's hands, and leaned in the opposite direction of each other.

"A Valkyrie on a winged steeeeeeeeeeee-" they wailed dramatically.

"SHUT UP!" Bucket shouted, his hands squeezing his bucket helmet. "Shut up! I can't take it anymore!"

With that, the half-wit Hooligan ran from the Hall, screaming and flailing his arms crazily.

"See what you two have done!" Mulch accused before running after Bucket.

Trying with all of his might to contain the intense fury that threatened to burst from him, Stoick stood up and sighed.

"Ruffnut. Tuffnut. You two need to go," he said slowly, glaring at the twins. "***Now**."

"Sheesh, some people have no holiday spirit," Ruffnut sniffed.

"I know right," Tuffnut huffed, crossing his arms over his chest.

"Keep it up, and you two are gonna become holiday spirits," Astrid warned as she brandished her battle axe menacingly.

"YOU TWO OUT! **NOW**!" Stoick ordered, what little you could see of his face was turning as red as his beard.

Without a word of protest, the Thorston twins raced from the Hall and fled to the safety of their own house. At least their dragon would show appreciation to the song they had worked so hard on...

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file.